THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

"My Heart's Delight."

When all the skies with snow were gray,
And all the earth with snow was white,
I wandered down a still wood way,
And there I met my heart's delight
Slow moving through the still old wood,
The spirit of its solitude;
The bare birds and the lichened tree
Seemed less a part of it than she.

Where pheasants' feet and rabbits' feet
Had marked the snow with traces small,
I saw the footprints of my sweet—
The sweetest woodland thing of all.
With Christmas roses in her hand,
One heart-beat's space I saw her stand;
And then I let her pass, and stood
Lone in an empty world of wood.

And, though by that same path I've passed
Down that same woodland every day,
That meeting was the first and last,
And she is hopelessly away.
I wonder was she really there—
Her hands, and eyes, and lips, and hair?
Or was it but my dreaming sent
Her image down the way I went?

Empty the woods are, where we met—
They will be empty in the spring;
The crocus and the violet
Will die without her gathering.
But dare I dream one radiant day
Red rose-wreathed she will pass this way
Across the glad and honored grass
And then—I will not let her pass.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

Neither regretted this slender holding on to society. Mrs. Aspline was a shrewd woman, without illusions and remarkable for common-sense. As for Anne, she was too indolent to desire even pleasure. She had that desperate lacking in the young of want of earnestness. She was too dreamy to care for realities. The advent of Anthony Harford had given all things a different complexion. Specially was Mrs. Clanricarde put to it—she who had always held aloof from the Asplines with rather venomous renunciation, seeing in Anne a formidable rival to Estelle—money bags beating beauty in the matrimonial markets, and birth coming nowhere. But now, how gladly she would have rubbed out those past years on the slate of time, and have made friends with one who had such a friend as this fabulously wealthy Anthony Harford! But the fake of time is a stubborn record-keeper, and only itself can efface what is written there. And Mrs. Aspline had keen eyes and a good memory. Yet she, too, was sorry that she could not flourish a better social roll-call before the eyes of her guests.

And Anthony, who had been so long living out of the run of social entertainments as to have lost all taste for them and almost all remembrance, accepted her excuses as valid, and was by no means disturbed by the paucity of visitors or events.

Nevertheless something must be done for her own credit. So Mrs. Aspline took heart of grace, and, a little abashed by her own boldness, issued invitations for a dinner party to meet Mr. Harford of Thrift. Her invitations were only to the Earl and Countess, Lady Elizabeth, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and Mr. Medlicott, the curate—one of the new kind to be found in drawing-rooms, with a fascinating little mustache like a dandy layman, and the bearing of a well-drilled officer, who wore no signs of his calling in his attire, but went out to dinner in the studs, tie, and swallow-tail of an ordinary gentleman in evening dress. Which did not prevent the queerest mixture of High Church doctrines with Broad-Church practice to be found in any pulpit or any drawing-room. All accepted, save Lady Kingshouse.

"We shall have a charming party, Anne," Mrs. Aspline said to her daughter, as she flung her the decisive notes. "I am very glad, for Anthony's sake. He will see that we are respected here when an earl can come to dinner."

"I don't think he cares much about earls or that sort of thing," said Anne, languidly. "He has been too long in America. He has come back such a dreadful republican!"

"He will get over that after he has been a short time in England," said Mrs. Aspline, sensibly enough. "Nothing cures a man of all that wicked revolutionary nonsense so much as having property of his own. When he has got used to the possession of Thrift, I don't think he will care to give up to the socialists and dynamitards, as he pretends now he would be; and he, like every Englishman in the world, would be proud to dine with a live lord."

"Perhaps," said Anne. "But then, you see, Mr. Harford is scarcely an Englishman now."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Aspline, jauntily; "what's bred in the bone sticks to the flesh, and he can't help himself."

"Mamma," said Anne, with plaintive remonstrance, "how fond you are of those horrid proverbs!"

"Yes, I am, Anne, and it's a bad habit that I can't get rid of," returned her mother, penitently. "But it's only to you, dear. I don't do much of it in company."

"In society of course not," said Anne, with a slight emphasis.

And just then Anthony Harford came into the room.

"Well, Anthony, I've got my dinner party for you," said his hostess, with a beaming face.

"Why did you give yourself this trouble?" he returned. "We were very well as we were. Don't you think so, Miss Anne?"

"It will be much pleasanter for you to see our neighbors,' she answered.

"Oh, as for that, yes. I don't object to my kind," said Anthony, laughing. "Count or cow-boy, it's all one to me, so long as he goes straight."

"Well, we have not got a count, but we have an earl for you," said Mrs. Aspline, always beaming.

"Lord Kingshouse and his daughter, Lady Elizabeth, are coming. So it will be quite a splash affair. I can tell you."

Anne colored, and turned her head away.

"I am sure it will," said Anthony, good-naturedly. "We shall have a high old time; sha'n't we, Miss Anne?"

"I hope you will enjoy yourself," said Anne, primly.

"And you?"

"I? I do not care for society," she answered, still primly.

"Not with a live old earl?" he asked.

"I like Lord Kingshouse and Lady Elizabeth," she said evasively.

And Mrs. Aspline, in a pet, cried brusquely, "Anthony Harford, if you could make my girl a little more like others—brisker and with more go in her—I'd thank you."

"It's worth trying," drawled Anthony, coldly. Then seeing her face flame with vexation, he added, with marked kindness: "But she'll do very well as she is, Mrs Aspline. Girls are best not all alike."

"She might be more like others, and yet she'll be unlike enough," said Mrs. Aspline, as her parting shot, vexed beyond her usual placid good temper by Anne's almost wooden indifference to the party, the live earl, Anthony Harford, and "every mortal thing in the world," as she sometimes said—indifferent to such a point as if nothing but an earthquake could shake her up.

This, then, was the way in which the Aspline dinner party came about. And the Clanricardes were out of it.

CHAPTER IV.

FRESH LINKS I.

Mrs. Aspline's dinner was a success The cuisine was perfect, and the cellar faultless, as has been said. Lord Kingshouse was a charming companion when in the vein to night. Merely to look at Lady Elizabeth was a pleasure equal to that given by a picture by Raffaele, or a spray of apple blossom. And then their rank in lord-loving England was as the diamond in the gold setting—the social crystallization of their personal supremacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were general favorites. Born popularities, wherever they went they were liked, at Kingshouse they were loved. Mr. Medlicott was as chirpy as a bird, and more like a bridegroom in his bearing than a man consecrated to preach of sin and death. Anthony Harford was, of course, more interesting than any one else to a society which knew itself a little too intimately for freshness, if it had the confidence of familiarity in its stead. Mrs. Aspline's want of thorough breeding was well concealed under her studiously quiet manner; while Anne was just what she always was—pretty, with certain defective points, languid, negative, somewhat stupid, but perfectly inoffensive if not actively charming. She was the neutral tint among the stronger colors, and as such she had her value. That, indeed, was just her place and character. She was neutral. Gently spoken of by all, she was enthusiastically loved by none; and to Mrs. Clanricarde alone was she, in any way, *bete noire*. But then maternal jealousy can make a *bete noire* out of a seraph or a doll indifferently.

It was, however, to Anthony Harford to whom the honor of the evening really belonged. He was a new experience to Kingshouse, and for a moment distanced even the earl. The earl himself, by-the-way, took to him, as the phrase goes, quite as warmly as any one else. As, by reason of his straitened means, he had to give up much of his inherited position in the gay world—even when Parliament was sitting, generally managing to pair, that he might thus avoid the expense of a London season—he was not *blase* with excitement on the one hand, and he was slightly bored with his life on the other. Thus he was exactly in the frame of mind which welcomes a new-comer of interesting experiences, if that new-comer be sufficiently vouched for socially; and Anthony went in and won, as he himself would have said, "hands down."

He told his best stories in his dry America way. They were chiefly stories of his own adventures, or the adventures of others which he had witnessed.

Perhaps the men a little discounted these adventures, at least in their entirety. The women were not so critical. What they did not understand they took on trust, and found the exercise of faith pleasant. A handsome man always is taken on trust by the average woman, who reserves her doubt for her pretty sisters or unpersonable brothers. And the present experience went in line with all the past. To Lady Elizabeth especially was this new-comer charming.

"You have gone through terrible dangers," she said, after his grimly quiet account of how he and a grizzly had had a hand-to-hand struggle, and how only after a fearful mauling had he been the inescapable conqueror of his bleeding foe.

"Well, I have had a pretty rough time here and there," he answered; "but one gets used to it, as to all things."

"I don't think one would get used to being half killed, as you have been so often," said Anne, simply.

Mr. Medlicott laughed a little jauntily.

A strange gleam shot from Anthony's eyes. Save for that sudden flash he did not appear to have heard either the girl or the curate.

"You see, in these wild places a man has to be pretty smart in all ways," he said, addressing Lady Elizabeth. "He has to know how to use his hands—on man and beast. Life out there is not as it is in England, where your most formidable game is a hare or a fox, and where no man takes up a sneer for fear of creating a scene. Out there we reckon ourselves pretty much equal to all things and each other, and whether it's a grizzly or a—gentleman—we know how to meet him."

"Yes," said Lady Elizabeth, seeing nothing behind the mere words, which in themselves were incontrovertible.

And "Yes," said the earl, with more meaning because a clearer insight, "that makes a return to the old country, in a sense, a new experience. So much has to be unlearned as well as a few new phases of thought and feeling to be learned."

"As what, my lord?" asked Anthony. "The tame acceptance of importance, for instance?"

"Oh," said Lord Kingshouse, with a smile, "our duelling days are over, you see. We hold it to be both more manly and more civilized to ignore small affronts, of which the disgrace recoils on the head of the offender. Civilization demands self-suppression in more ways than one, and in this among the rest."

"I do not hold with you, sir," said Anthony, hastily. "A man's self superior to all conventional rules. If his honor is touched ever so lightly, he should know how to defend it, and be ready with his tools."

"And what do you make of the sixth commandment?" put in Mr. Stewart, as a kind of protest due to his cloth.

"The Decalogue has got to take care of itself. I reckon, when men have their shooting-irons handy, and fools provoke them to draw," said Anthony, slowly.

"Ah, well, we have lived out of all that rough-and-ready method of self-defence," said the vicar, good-humoredly. "A return to it would be clearly a retrogression an act of atavism, which in these days of belief in evolution would be sinning against light."

"I am afraid the sin would have to be committed if the occasion came my way," returned Anthony; and then the ladies rose to leave the table, and all four were about equally shocked.

Even Anne thought her Huron really too ferocious. And this was the general thought.

When the gentlemen appeared, however, all trace of that significant little brush had gone. The color of the whole thing resolved with the earl and Anthony, and the friendship they seemed to have struck up one with the other.

"Then I shall see you to-morrow?" said Lord Kingshouse, as they parted. "You will be interested."

"Yes, certainly, with much pleasure, sir," returned Anthony; "to-morrow, in the afternoon."

"Interested in what, father?" asked Lady Elizabeth, as they were driving home.

"In my observatory," said the earl.

"Is Mr. Harford an astronomer?" she asked again.

"As much as all educated men are," he replied. "He is an uncommonly nice fellow. A little too hasty, perhaps; but that is to be accounted for by the wild life he has led. Outside his being too free with his hands, and too apt to take offence—that fool Medlicott very nearly put his foot in it!—he seems to be a first-rate fellow, and really Mrs. Aspline might do worse than nail him on the spot for that girl of hers."

"She is too dreamy and unpractical for such a man; at least I should think so,"

Said Lady Elizabeth feeling that Anne Assdline was in way the right wife for Anthony Harfor "He has been accustomed to so much cleverness and quickness over there in America, I should think he would find Miss Aspline rather dull if he had to live with her always. Of course I do not know. I only think so."

"Oh, you Delight!" laughed the earl. "As if men did not always like their opposites! What would become of society if two flames of fire or two bales of wool married? Why, we should run into types more marked than pouter pigeons and fantails! It is only the marriage of opposites which keeps things going at all."

Lady Elizabeth laughed too.

"That would certainly be a reason," she answered, pleasantly. "But I should pity poor Mr. Harford."

"And pray why, my dear," said her father. "I am sure the little girl is very pretty, and fairly well mannered. If she had not one or two coarse points about her, she would be really charming. But the pipkin comes out here and there, though not boldly enough to spoil her."

"She is a good girl, I am sure," was his daughter's reply, "but she is rather difficult to get on with. She is what people call heavy on hand, and one can get nothing out of her."

"Love makes a capital gimlet," said the earl. "You never know what a woman is capable of till she falls in love, and then you find out."

"Yes," said his Delight, as they drove up to the door of their home.

The next day Anthony presented himself with unholy punctuality at the exact time named by Lord Kingshouse. He was ushered into the presence of my lady, busy over embroidery as usual.

For some little time he was alone with her, and, unconsciously to himself, he made good use of that time, charming the lady as he had already charmed her husband and daughter. When Anthony showed her that he knew the constellations, as well as the latest facts and theories of what is called the new astronomy, my lord was doubly gracious to a man who could at once tackle a grizzly single-handed and understand the map of the heavens.

Then said my lady: "You must come and dine with us, Mr. Harford. I will write to Mrs. Aspline, and ask her and Miss Aspline to come too. Perhaps she will be free on Tuesday next if you are?

"Thank you, Lady Kingshouse," said Anthony, in his quiet way. "You are very kind, but I think I must be going home before then. I have already outstaid my time."

"Oh, no; you can stay over Tuesday," said Lady Kingshouse, with a friendly persistency.

And on the earl's seconding his wife, and Lady Elizabeth smiling her, "I should think so," when he turned to her and said, "What do you think, Lady Elizabeth? Do you think I may stay?"—Anthony consented for his own part, and undertook to answer for Mrs. and Miss Aspline as if he had been the son of the one and the husband of the other.

"Oh yes, they'll come," he said. "They've got to."

So there it was; and this was how Anthony Harford was induced to remain for these five days longer—induced to remain, apparently for a trivial pleasure, in reality for his life's gravest destiny.

As for the Kingshouses, they were purely charming.

He had a strange feeling of moral elevation when he was with Lady Elizabeth, and when her father called her "Delight," he echoed the word in his own heart, and thought it exactly fitting. She was a Delight—none more so. Surely the loveliest lady of his acquaintance. Each time he saw her he thought her more supreme, and each time she fulfilled more and more perfectly his ideal of woman. And there was no posing for ideal womanhood with her as with some; no consciousness of sweet sainthood; no assumption of etheralized superiority. She was simple as if she had been a peasant girl, and no more knew that she was like some dear angel from heaven than the south wind knows it brings the sweet breath of flowers. That was just the beauty of it, Anthony used to think. She did not know, but he did.

CHAPTER V.

FRESH LINKS II.

All who know the manner of American man and women know its curious mixture of familiarity and respect, and how its flirtatious admiration is without personal liberties of a doubtful kind. But though the unspoken *mot d'ordre* seems to be "hands off!" the manner is familiar in tone and flirtatious in spirit. It has also that misleading air of specialization, of individualism, which makes it appear as if each woman were the only she, and the one in present evidence the queen of the whole sex.

No one had this manner more strongly pronounced than Anthony Harford. Excepting that it was alike to all, it was love-making to each; but to Lady Elizabeth this manner of special and peculiar devotion was more marked than to any one else.

Anthony not only delicately flattered and covertly courted Lady Elizabeth, he also made her laugh, and brightened her into a state of active enjoyment, rare indeed for her to know. He spent long hours at the Dower House, and he went there at all times in the day; but his mornings were chiefly passed in Lady Elizabeth's special little work-room, where he amused himself and her by talk, or now lectured her on her perspective, and now put in an untrained bass to her well-taught soprano.

Yet it was not all amusement, nor all dramatic interest. Underneath the pure pleasure which Anthony Harford so largely brought was the higher sense of his manly qualities, and the fine political enthusiasms which his own evoked. Essentially a liberal, he was not a faddist. He was too broad for that, and had too much knowledge of the complexity of human nature. Broad as it was, it gained on the woman where religion made her democratic in practice for all that her abstract principles were patrician. Still, it took her some time to digest the new doctrine. How England's best glory was to come through the destruction of the House of Lords, the abolition of primogeniture, the nationalization of the land, and voluntary laying down by their wearers of all stars and garters and coronets and titles, was a puzzle she did not attempt to solve. The whole of the civilized world was pretty well up to England by now, he said, and Cousin Jonathan had forged ahead. She had made her start in former times by being the freest and most lightly held of all. While Europe still groaned under the fetters of the feudal system, she had recognized the rights of free citizenship. But she had clung too long to the rags and remnants, she did not fully recognize tendencies. Now it was time for her to free herself from those old traditions which were fettering her so powerfully, and make herself able to grow and expand according to the law of nature.

"But the aristocracy, the landed proprietors, have done so much good! They have looked after the poor, kept society together, and been such good examples!" said Lady Elizabeth, in high-hearted but yet as sweet and gentle a way.

"They have made Lady Elizabeth Inchbold," said Anthony, quite gravely. "That is about the best thing they have done. For that we can forgive them a few slips, like—But I will not mention names. They may be friends of yours."

"You mean that for kindness; but I do not think we know any reprobates," she answered, with a smile.

"Glad of it. Such as you should not. When a system has culminated, it founded itself into its best, that best should be clear of evil contact."

Anthony spoke with a certain tender feeling underlying his artificial gravity that gave infinite charm to his words.

Lady Elizabeth laughed off the compliment with some embarrassment, and the blood came into her face.

"That is very prettily put—very charming flattery," she said, leaning over her work-table; "but I will take is seriously—I mean generally—and put myself out of the question. You mean the system—the peerage—has made a nobler race of men and women than the mere ordinary people. Can you say anything better? If our aristocracy has done this, it has done the best it could for the country."

"I did not say that it has given the world a nobler race," said Anthony, quite quietly. "I said it has made you. That is another matter altogether."

"You flatter admirably, but you slip by the question," said Lady Elizabeth, more and more embarrassed. "This is not what we were talking of."

"It is what I am thinking of," said Anthony.

"Then, between England and America, you like America best?" she asked, with a curious inconsequence and strange discomfort.

His flattery was pleasant to her was she not a woman?—but it had its element of pain too. She did not quite know how to take it—whether as true or as a pleasant joke.

"For some things, yes. At present I like best where I am," said Anthony—"the Lady Elizabeth Inchbold's little room, talking politics which she does not agree with, and fixing her palette for her next picture of 'Saul and Samuel.'"

"Unfixing it, you mean," she said laughing. "You are making it into an awful mess."

"Satan's work, not mine. The idle hands you know!"

"Not a pleasant association," she returned.

"Oh, the old cuss is not so black as he is painted," said Anthony, carelessly. "We have made far too big a score of him. 'Cloven hoof—gramnivorous,' as Cuvier said. We have no need to be so desperately afraid of him."

"Oh!" said Lady Elizabeth, a little shocked and scandalized.

Like many good people who move in the ordained groove, she considered the subject too solemn to be joked about. Satan is a Biblical character, she thought, and one doesn't make fun of the Bible.

As a narrow-minded people are almost always jealous, and as Mrs. Aspline, good soul, for all her fine qualities of hospitality and sound sense, was especially narrow-minded—how should she not be?—it was but natural that she and Anne should be a little ruffled by the pronounced preference of their guest for another house than their own. During these intervening days Mrs. Aspline permitted herself to say more than once, "Well, Anthony, and how are things going on between you and Lady Elizabeth?" accompanying her query with a meaning laugh, which was as the feather to the arrow.

"They are going slick," said Anthony, with a nasal drawl; "slick as greased lightning!"

"My dear boy!" cried his hostess with a little shudder. "When you put on that Yankee accent you are really dreadful!"

"I think you do it to tease us," said Anne, hitting the bull's eye right in the centre.

Anthony lifted his eyebrows.

"What in thunder do you mean?" he asked, with perfect gravity. "What dog-gone accent are you raring at?"

"Oh!" said Anne, covering her ears with her hands; "you are really too dreadful, Mr. Harford!"

He laughed, and took both her hands in his. He did not like to see the vexation on her face.

"Why," he said in a perfectly pure accent, "what a dear little goose, you are! You never did know fun from earnest, and I suppose now you never will."

Anne pursed up her nice little mouth and withdrew her hands. Naturally a prude, by the fact that her life was passed in dreams, not realities, material contact of all kinds was intensely distasteful to her.

"And the veriest prude out!" said Anthony, with a flush that made his dark eyes glitter.

"You two are always quarreling," put in Mrs. Aspline, with a good-natured laugh. "I don't know how it is, I'm sure. Anne thinks the world of you, Anthony, as I do, but there you are, cat and dog—cat and dog—and never meet but you have a scratching match."

"Mother!" remonstrated Anne.

"Well, make Miss Anne more conformable," said Anthony. "At present she is all prickles, at least to me."

"I am sorry you do not approve of me," said Anne, coldly. "But really I cannot alter myself even to please you."

"No, I suppose not," returned Anthony, strolling out of the room. In a few minutes they saw him walking at a brisk pace down the drive.

"Off to the Dower House, I bet a pound!" said Mrs. Aspline, adding, viciously: "Well, if he's not going to marry Lady Elizabeth, he ought to; that's all I have to say!"

"Perhaps he could not," said Anne, who "jealoused" what she did not want for herself.

"Could not if he would? A beggar like Lady Elizabeth?" cried Mrs. Aspline. "Just let him ask her; that's all. If she nor yours either."

"I am sure I do not care which way it is," said Anne, petulantly.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Aspline, a little venomously.

(To be Continued.)

BENEVOLENT HUMBUG.

Our Eastern Ontario exchanges report that notwithstanding the warnings which farmers have received time and again, it is yet possible in some localities for seed wheat peddlers to obtain $15 a bushel for supposed-to-be remarkable qualities of wheat and oats, the conditions being that the sellers will buy so much of the products of the seed at a similar rate. It is scarcely necessary to say that the time never comes when these "friends of the farmer" will call for the implementing of the latter portion of the contract. This condition is not stated in the note which the wily wheat agents get the farmer to sign, and when it becomes due it is found to be in the hands of some "shaver" who has not so much consideration for the welfare of the agriculturist as had his professedly benevolent friend, the vendor of the grain. The majority of farmers who read the newspapers carefully will not be taken in by these swindlers. They well know that the present is not an age of miracles, and that it is impossible to obtain something from nothing, but there are others who seem to believe that sort of talk when it is aimed at them by a politician whose object is to make the agriculturist believe that the more taxes he pays the better off he becomes. We do not wonder that such credulous individuals occasionally get taken in by swindling travelling agents who pretend to be philanthropists, with but one aim—to put a fabulous sum of money into the auditor's pocket for a very small consideration.

But it must not be supposed that farmers are the only class of men who can be gulled or who are ready to spend money freely at the request of men who offer them enormous, though improbable, returns for their investments. There is a class of men abroad who appeal to every member of the community for support of schemes to filch money from their dupes, and who even prostitute Scripture to aid in their enterprises. We refer to the professional organizers of that class of friendly societies which inveigle the unthinking or the greedy into joining their organizations by the promise of enormous and impossible returns for their money. Such a set of men must have been the promoters of the "Order of the Financial Union," which has just reached a stage of partial collapse in the United States. On first consideration, it may be imagined that the "Financial Union" was a mere money making institution; but if its originators and promoters are to be believed, it has a higher and holier aim than the mere worship of Mammon. Here are its objects, as set forth in the constitution:

To unite in the bonds of fidelity, equality and morality all acceptable white persons of both sexes of good moral character, steady habits, sound bodily health, reputable calling, and believe in the Supreme Intelligent Being, the Creator and the Preserver of the Universe.

To improve the condition of its membership morally, socially and materially.

The institution was organized in Paterson, N.J., on May 9th, 1887, and it has spread its lodges over many States; but before it could get its professedly benevolent intentions into good working order, it has been brought up short by a Committee of Investigation chosen from various lodges throughout its jurisdiction. This committee has thrown the whole concern into Chancery, on the ground that it has been unable to find just how large sums of money sent to headquarters in Paterson, N.J., have been appropriated. An application will this week be made for a receiver to wind up the concern. Now let us inquire into the manner in which hard-working men and women were induced to join this aggregation of benevolence. By the payment of a small weekly sum the member would receive certain sick benefits or $1,000 at the end of five years. The membership is divided into four grades, and there are four different insurance certificates. A member who pays $5 a month at the end of five years will be entitled to receive $250. If sick he is advanced $5 a week until he has received $125, half the amount of his certificate. If during five years he should have more than 25 weeks' sickness the supreme moguls of the Fidelity, Equality & Morality can't advance him quicker. If the member should be totally disabled he receives $125; should he die, his heirs receive $125. But here is the table of rates and benefits which each of the four certificates bring:

Weekly Payment.	Weekly Benefit When Sick.	Amt Paid on Total Disability.	Amount Paid at Death.	Benefits Paid at End of Five Years
$0 25	$ 5	$125	$125	$250
0 50	10	250	250	500
0 75	15	375	375	750
1 00	20	500	500	1,000

The great prize for which most of the people who have joined the Order rush is the $1,000. By paying $5 as an initiation fee, $1 a week and $1 a quarter as dues, at the end of the five years all being well, $280 will have been paid by the member, and then he will be handed $1,000. Just think of it! Four hundred per cent. on your investment! Really it is a wonder that only a few thousand men and women have seen fit to rush to riches by the avenue thus provided. But how in creation any body of men can make the 400 per cent. on the money paid is the problem. Have they a secret process whereby they transform copper into gold or $100 bills into $1,000 notes? Such powers are not conferred on mortals in these degenerate days. And to assume that the very ordinary men who set the "Order of the Financial Unity" on its feet can accomplish by ordinary and legal processes what the cleverest commercial men are unable to do, is to credit them with greater capacity for business than their past records warrant. The collapse now imminent bears out this conclusion. Still, we suppose when the next friendly society "fake" comes along, offering inducements to join it which are clearly impossible of realization, it will find plenty of men willing to pay in their money and take the risk, whether it operates in the United States or in Canada. A safe rule is to treat with the greatest suspicion all promoters of schemes purporting to confer benefits on the investor out of all proportion to the money he pays in, whether he deals in seed wheat, oats, trees or friendly society benefits.—*Hamilton Times.*

Chancery Spring Sittings, 1889.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE ROBERTSON

Toronto, Monday, 8th April.

THE CHANCELLOR.

Chatham, Wednesday, 6th March.
Sandwich, Tuesday, 12th March.
London, Monday, 18 h March
Walkerton, Thursday, 11th April.
Goderich, Wednesday, 17th April.
Sarnia, Thursday, 25th April.
St. Thomas, Wednesday, 1st May.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE PROUDFOOT.

Brantford, Wednesday, 6th March.
Simcoe, Wednesday, 13th March.
Owen Sound, Monday, 1st April.
Hamilton, Monday, 29th May.
Guelph, Thursday, 30th May.
St. Catharines, Thursday, 5th June.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE FERGUSON.

Belleville, Thursday, 21st March.
Cornwall, Monday, 18th April.
Ottawa, Monday, 22nd April.
Kingston, Wednesday, 22nd May.
Brockville, Tuesday, 24th May.
Cobourg, Thursday, h June.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE ROBERTSON.

Lindsay, Monday, 11th March.
Peterboro', Friday, 15th March.
Woodstock, Wednesday, 20th March.
Stratford, Wednesday, 3rd April.
Whitby, Tuesday, 7th May.
Barrie, Monday, 13th May.

In a Dilemma.

Miss Myra is speaking to her friend, Miss Jeanne.

"You are rich, and are still young and attractive; why don't you marry?"

"Because I shall never marry a man I cannot respect."

"Well?"

"Well, how could I ever respect the fool who would marry me?"—*Paris Figaro.*

A Competent Witness.

Wife—Mrs. Smith told me—think of the audacity of the woman—that she loved you!

Husband—She must be crazy.

Wife—Well, I should think so!

At the marriage of Lady Idina Nevill to Mr. Brassey, in England, the bridesmaids wore cricketing costumes, the colors being carnation pink, green and white.

The Prince of Wales has perhaps the finest railway coach in Europe. The South-eastern built it and it contains seven rooms, there being a study, with a little library, a couple of bedrooms, a dressing-room and a bath-room. The bedroom is most luxuriously furnished in old gold silk, being lighted by electricity, and the paneling is beautifully painted. The Prince uses his carriage for all his journeys south.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Cook introduced a Bill to amend the Civil Service Act. He explained that the Bill provided that Canadians should have the preference in appointments for the Civil Service. Foreigners, and even persons from the British Isles, should not be placed in positions which Canadians should have. The Bill provided that all persons appointed must first be resident in Canada five years. This was only promoting and carrying out the policy which the Government declared in 1878 to be proper. That policy was Canada for the Canadians. He regretted that the Government had not followed that policy, and he now proposed that they should be compelled to do it.

Mr. Bergin—What about the Irish?

Sir John Macdonald—The hon. gentleman has no Irish in his constituency.

Mr. Cook—Yes, I have plenty there, and they vote for me.

Sir John Macdonald—They will not vote for you after this.

Mr. Bergin—This means no Irish need apply.

The Bill was read a first time.

Mr. Brown, in moving the House into committee on the Bill to make further provision for the prevention of cruelty to animals, said he was prepared to make explanations and amendments in committee which would meet the views of many who had opposed it.

The House went into committee.

Mr. Tisdale moved that the committee rise.

The motion was carried on a vote of 67 yeas and 60 nays.

The House went into committee on Mr. Kirkpatrick's Bill for Reciprocity in Wrecking.

Mr. Kirkpatrick said the Bill had been changed in committee, so as to be an exact counterpart of the American offer.

Mr. Charlton was opposed to a reciprocity that would give the Americans the advantage of the Canadian trade without giving us anything in return. Unless Canadian rugs were allowed to tow American vessels and rafts, the privilege of reciprocity in wrecking would be valueless. He therefore moved to add a clause embodying that in the Bill.

Mr. Isabelle said the amendment would kill the Bill.

Mr. Mulock said that a similar Bill had been voted down last session.

Mr. Mitchell—It was not understood.

Mr. Mulock said the opposition was having an educational effect. He would like to know if the objections taken by the Minister of Customs last year had been removed. There was evidently a change of heart.

Mr. Waldie said the Bill had an element of humanity in its favor and important advantages to the marine interests of the country.

Mr. Curran was against the amendment, because it would make the Bill inoperative.

Mr. Edgar favored reciprocity in towing, but felt if that condition were added to the Bill it would destroy its effect.

Mr. Cook contended Mr. Charlton's amendment was a perfectly fair proposition.

After further discussion a division was taken on the amendment, which was lost. Yeas, 21; nays, 67.

The Bill was reported from committee.

Sir John Macdonald moved that for the remainder of the session Government measures shall have precedence on Wednesdays.

Mr Laurier objected to the motion for the reason that he thought it was premature. Already the Government had taken Thursdays, and if this motion should carry the only day left at the disposal of private members would be Mondays.

Sir John Macdonald said there seemed to be a general desire amongst the members that the House should prorogue before Easter, and it was with that view that he proposed the motion. To get through the time there must be short speeches, late sittings, and a general desire on the part of the members to return to their homes as soon as possible.

Sir Richard Cartwright said there was a precedent for taking every day but one for Government business in the sixth week of the session.

The motion was carried, not to come into operation till Wednesday week.

Mr. Costigan moved the House into Committee of the Whole on the resolution declaring it expedient to assimilate and amend the laws in force in the several Provinces in relation to the inspection, culling and measuring of timber and lumber.

Mr. Cook wanted to know what lumbermen or gentlemen had advised the Government to take this step.

Mr. Macdowall—I would like to call the attention of the hon. gentleman to the fact that the terms lumbermen and gentlemen are synonymous.

Mr. Jones (Halifax) said the Act would saddle four permanent officers upon the country at a salary of $2,000 a year.

Mr. Charlton asked if it was intended to make a classification of lumber.

Mr. Costigan said it would be impossible to make a classification which would apply to all the different Provinces.

Mr. White (Renfrew) said the object of the Bill was to establish an office in the interest of the lumber trade, and to collect fees, so that it would not be a burden upon the other classes of the community. Where disputes occurred as to measurement there would be a Governmental authority to settle them.

Mr. Laurier—Does the hon. gentleman believe there should be compulsory inspection?

Mr. White—No.

Mr. Laurier—Then why should we appoint high-salaried officers?

Mr. White said it was necessary that there should be some supervision over the minor inspectors, and it was only proposed to pay the chief inspector a fair salary.

Mr. Ives said the inspection of lumber for foreign ports would be useless. Lumber was shipped subject to inspection when it reached its destination. While there might be some use for inspection with regard to pine, it was of no use in other grades.

Mr. Perley (Ottawa) said, as far as his experience went, there was no call for an Act of this kind. As regards pine lumber, every lumberman on the Ottawa River would object to registration when there was no cause for inspection.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell) said that lumbermen were to be put to the expense to furnish a position for some friends of the Government. If the Act were compulsory it would be interfering with the right of contract, and if it was optional it could effect no useful end.

Sir John Macdonald said that as there was evidently a great deal of difference of opinion on the matter, he therefore asked that the committee agree to pass the resolution and allow a bill based on it to be introduced. In committee on the Bill he was quite willing the provisions should be discussed the same as upon the resolution.

The resolution was passed and a Bill based on them was read a first time.

Mr. Haggart moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the Civil Service Act.

Mr. Laurier took exception to the provision that post office inspectors shall not be subject to Civil Service examinations.

Sir John Macdonald said these inspectors should be appointed on account of special fitness, and not in consequence of having passed an examination.

Mr. McMullen thought it would be well to do away with the Examining Board altogether.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell) said it was rumored that an hon. gentleman living in Toronto was to be appointed Post Office Inspector, and he supposed it would be objectionable to subject him to an examination.

The Bill was read a second time.

Mr. Haggart moved the House into committee to consider a resolution to amend the Civil Service Act and to regulate the salaries of certain officers of the Civil Service. The resolution provided for a readjustment of the salaries of post office inspectors and other officers in the post office service.

Mr. Jones objected to the increases in salary proposed in the case of the postmasters of Toronto and Ottawa. It was simply a piece of log-rolling and could not be justified on any ground.

Sir John Macdonald said it was only proposed to raise the salary of the Toronto postmaster to the figure that the Montreal postmaster had been in receipt of for years.

The resolution was reported and incorporated as a Bill.

The following Government Bills were read a third time:

To make further provision respecting the speedy trial of certain indictable offences.

To amend the Act respecting certificates to masters and mates of ships.

The famous Dufferin mine at Salmon River, N.S., the richest in the county, was sold at auction yesterday and was bid in for $141,000.

READY FOR MASTICATION.

A Baby Born With Six Upper and Four Lower Teeth.

George Baker, a restaurant keeper, living at No. 168 Park avenue, and doing business at No. 24 Madison street, is the proud possessor of a baby girl who was born with a set of teeth. When little Julia Orine Baker arrived in town a day or two ago, very red, very bald, and weighing 6½ pounds, she horrified the nurse and astounded Dr. Phillips, the family physician, by exhibiting a nice upper row of air white front teeth and four perfect ones on her lower gums. They were almost fully developed and were hard enough to use on the toughest beefsteak in existence. It might be thought that the little stranger would develop accomplishments in keeping with her early growth of teeth, and start out, walk, talk, sit up at the table, and perform ever so many clever acts, and her fond father doubtless gleefully imagined that she would do something of the kind to sort of keep up the record, but she did none of these. She can bite, though, and that, too, good and hard, as her father can testify, she having got his little finger in her mouth and made him dance. However, the little one shows remarkable signs of physical vigor, and at present she eats bread sopped in milk and little particles of tenderly cooked chicken, a feat which is said to be unprecedented in the annals of medical science. Dr. Phillips says that her case is the most remarkable one he ever had the good fortune to have in his charge. When the teeth were first noticed the doctor put his finger gently on one of them to see if it really was ivory or a tooth gristle. This tooth proved a white piece of soft substance. The others, however, were real ivory, and were as hard as the molars of a grown person.

During the whole course of my professional career," said Dr. Phillips, "I never came in contact with such a case."

"What is the scientific reasoning for it?"

"That I can't imagine. The child will doubtless grow rapidly and develop early. It is going to be a remarkable baby."

It is the first baby that has come to the Bakers, and they are as proud as can be of their girl. The neighbors for blocks around and strangers, too, have been to see this most remarkable child. Julia's grandpaps, who lives in New York State, was so happy over the little girl's arrival that he sent a big roll of Uncle Sam's greenbacks to buy the finest clothes for her.—*Chicago Correspondent of St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Ontario Spring Assizes, 1889.

ARMOUR, C. J.

Stratford ..... Tuesday, 19th March
Guelph ..... Tuesday, 19th March
Berlin ..... Tuesday, 26th March
Brantford ..... Wednesday, 3rd April
Simcoe ..... Monday, 8th April
Cayuga ..... Thursday, 11th April
Welland ..... Monday, 15th April
Hamilton ..... Tuesday, 23rd April

ROSE, J.

Milton ..... Monday, 11th March
Brampton ..... Monday, 18th March
Owen Sound ..... Monday, 29th April
St. Catharines ..... Monday, 6th May

ROSE, J.

Toronto, Criminal Court ..... Monday, 18th March
Toronto, Civil Court ..... Monday, 15th April

FALCONBRIDGE, J.

Cornwall ..... Tuesday, 12th March
Whitby ..... Monday, 18th March
Napanee ..... Monday, 25th March
Kingston ..... Monday, 1st April
Brockville ..... Tuesday, 9th April
Picton ..... Tuesday, 16th April
Belleville ..... Monday, 29nd April
Cobourg ..... Monday, 6th May

STREET, J.

Walkerton ..... Tuesday, 12th March
Goderich ..... Tuesday, 19th March
Sarnia ..... Tuesday, 26th March
St Thomas ..... Monday, 1st April
Chatham ..... Monday, 8th April
Sandwich ..... Wednesday, 17th Apr l
Woodstock ..... Wednesday, 24th April
London ..... Monday, 6th May

MACMAHON, J.

Ottawa ..... Tuesday, 12th March
L'Original ..... Monday, 25th March
Perth ..... Th